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The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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TWO POEMS TO HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

[Read on her seventieth birthday, June 14, 1882, by Oliver Wendell Holmes.*]

I. AT THE SUMMIT.

Sister, we bid you welcome,—we who stand
On the high table-land,
We who have climbed life's slippery Alpine slope
And rest, still leaning on the staff of hope,
Looking along the silent Mer de Glace,
Leading our footsteps where the dark crevasse
Yawns in the frozen sea we all must pass.
Sister, we clasp your hand!
Rest with us in the hour that Heaven has lent
Before the swift descent.
Look! the warm sunbeams kiss the glittering ice;
See! next the snowdrift blooms the edelweiss;
The mated eagles fan the frosty air;
Life, beauty, love, around us everywhere;
And in their time, the darkening hours that bear
Sweet memories, peace, content.
Thrice welcome! shining names our missals show
Amid their rubric's glow;
But search the blazoned record's starry line,
What halo's radiance fills the page like thine?
Thou who by some celestial clew couldst find
The way to all the hearts of all mankind,
On thee, already canonized, enshrined,
What more can Heaven bestow?

II. THE WORLD'S HOMAGE.

If every tongue that speaks her praise
For whom I shape my tinkling phrase
Were summoned to the table,
The vocal chorus that would meet
Of mingling accents, harsh or sweet,
From every land and tribe, would beat
The polyglots at Babel.

Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,
Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,
Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,
High Dutchman and Low Dutchman, too,
The Russian serf and Polish Jew,
Arab, Armenian, and Mantchoo,
Would shout, "We know the lady!"

Know her! Who knows not Uncle Tom,
And her he learned his gospel from,
Has never heard of Moses;
Full well the brave black hand we know
That gave to freedom's grasp the hoe
That killed the weed that used to grow
Among the Southern roses.

When Archimedes, long ago,
Spoke out so grandly, "*dos pou sto*,—
Give me a place to stand on,
I'll move your planet for you now,"—
He little dreamed or fancied how
The *sto* at last should find its *pou*
For woman's faith to lean on.

Her lever was the wand of art,
Her fulcrum was the human heart,
Whence all unfailing aid is.
She moved the earth! Its thunders pealed,
Its mountains shook, its temples reeled,
The blood-red fountains were unsealed,
And Moloch sunk to Hades.

All through the conflict, up and down,
Marched Uncle Tom and Old John Brown,
One ghost, one form ideal;

* Mrs. Stowe was born in 1811, so that her seventieth birthday was really in 1881, but the celebration was in 1882.

And which was false, and which was true,
And which was mightier of the two,
The wisest sibyl never knew,
For both alike were real.

Sister, the holy maid does well
Who counts her beads in convent cell
Where pale devotion lingers;
But she who serves the sufferer's needs,
Whose prayers are spelt in loving deeds,
May trust the Lord will count her beads
As well as human fingers.

When Truth herself was slavery's slave,
Thy hand the prisoned suppliant gave
The rainbow wings of fiction.
And Truth who soared descends to-day,
Bearing an angel's wreath away,
Its lilies at thy feet to lay
With Heaven's own benediction.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

The coming of the Spirit to the soul, to renew its vitality and impart wisdom and grace, was compared by Jesus to the wind that blows where it will. There is a beautiful Lombardy poplar just across the street from my home. The other day, as I was looking at it, it seemed perfectly still. Not a bough moved, not a twig was stirring. But in an instant the leaves began to tremble; then the branches commenced to swing to and fro; a moment later the tall, slim trunk was swaying gracefully in the air. As that tree yielded to the spell of the invisible wind, "so is every one who is born of the Spirit." In the midst of ordinary duties and cares, without warning or preparation, a grievous trouble falls upon us, crushing us to the earth. At first we scarcely know what to think, say, or do. The will is powerless: faith and hope are gone. "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint"; and nothing our friends can do brings us any comfort or at all restores our courage. But by and by, as the first shock of pain and grief passes away and we begin to come to ourselves again, a dead calm follows the awful storm; and then, like the coming of the wind to the poplar, the influence of heaven surrounds the soul. Perhaps we prayed for help, or maybe we are all unconscious of any religious thought or feeling; but the heart, so hard and storm-tossed and desolate before, is now softened and soothed and satisfied. A strong confidence fills the place so lately occupied by grim despair. New hope and fresh courage take possession of the mind, that just now could see no light nor believe that any good awaited future effort, and bravely we go forth to face the bitter trials and bear the heavy burdens added to our lot. Ah! it is the breath of the ever-living God that has blown upon our spirit's waiting ground and filled the soul with "the peace that passes all understanding."

"If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit." If it is indeed true that we are surrounded by this wonderful world of the Spirit, why not think, speak, and act in accordance with its laws and conditions; why not bring all our ambitions, plans, and aspirations into harmony with its ideal atmosphere of truth, righteousness, and love? For then,—O strange and inspiring thought!—then we should become conscious of divine companionship and be at home with God at all times and in every place, even as the Christ was continually at home with him and could always say, "I am never alone, because the Father is with me." What a fountain of happiness has its rise in this conviction that the Spirit is perpetually within us and about us! In the hour of danger, trouble, affliction, what peace and courage and self-control come into the heart that possesses this confidence! In all the cares and toils of life, how comforting the assurance that the arms of Infinite Love embrace the weary soul, and will bear it up and carry it forward forever!

This personal experience of the interest and help of God in daily affairs makes it impossible for us to believe that he is ever absent from one of his children or at all separate from his world. Moreover, under its inspiration, divine worship ceases to be thought of as simply a formal service in church on Sunday, and becomes the adoration of the soul in the presence of all beauty and purity, all wisdom and power,—the desire to know truth and do right; aspiration for ideal living in the routine of daily duty; a longing for harmony and good will in all the activities of modern life. Then, too, prayer is no longer a mere petition for personal favors, but is an attitude of thankfulness and trust,—the consciousness that all things whatsoever the Father has are ours for use and enjoyment; the human spirit sitting at table with the Divine Spirit, refreshing and renewing all its powers at the source of ideal aspirations and altruistic impulses.

We sometimes hear people talk as if this life's opportunities and resources for service and pleasure were exhausted at the age of forty or fifty years, but this is all a mistake. The happy souls that live in the Spirit and walk in the Spirit

never cease to do effective work; and they keep moving forward and upward with steady development, even to the end. For them life grows sweeter and more beautiful with each new day, until at length it bursts forth in the higher activity and sublimer progress of the heavenly world.

Whatever our condition or calling,—whether it be to govern others or act as their helpers, whether we heal or teach, buy or sell,—our working capacity will be wonderfully increased, our duties become vastly more pleasant and ennobling, our success immensely greater and more helpful to the world around us, because of the Spirit's influence on our daily life, provided that we willingly receive its gracious help, yield heart and mind to its inspiration, allow ourselves to be controlled and guided by its wisdom and power.

We are apt to think, however, that regular and constant supplies of divine help are only needed, or can only be obtained, for what is called religious work,—as if the influence of the Holy Spirit would not make all kinds of activity holy, too. And we certainly do need divine help for the successful issue of the common duties of daily life as much as, or even more than, in the service of religion. Ay, we need it in the home and shop and office, in the kitchen and parlor, on the street and in the market, in the school-room and on the playground,—we need it and may have it always and everywhere, since "all things are in God's hands, and God's hand is in all things.'

As a country through which a river winds its way is constantly fertilized and enriched by its refreshing and wealth-producing flood, so the life of one whose heart is an open channel for the currents of the Spirit is nourished and made fruitful in thought, word, and deed by the inflowing tide of divine truth and goodness. Let us, therefore, live in the Spirit and walk in the Spirit, with one hand in his "who gives us richly all things to enjoy," and the other extended in help to our fellow-men, that we may share with them the fruits of the Spirit. Thus living in God for man, every part of our life will come under the control of the Spirit, and we shall always be inspired, strengthened, and guided by its influence.—*Alexander T. Bowser.*

Each lawless thought will mar the plan,
Each wasted day will stint the man.
Wouldst thou excel? Let purpose run
A thread of gold from sun to sun!

—*James Buckham.*

THE STILL HOUR.

WHEN I AWAKE, I AM STILL WITH THEE.

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee, as to each new-born morning.
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last in that bright morning,
When the world waketh and earth's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.

—*H. B. Stowe.*

Now, O man, cease for a little from thy work; withdraw thyself for a while from thy stormy thoughts; forget thy weary and burdensome struggling; give thyself for a time to God, and rest calmly in Him. Leave all around thee where God is not, and where thou wilt find no help from Him; go into the inner chamber of thine heart, and shut the door behind thee. Say then with thy whole heart, "I seek Thy face, O Lord: teach Thou me how and when I

should seek thee, and where and how I shall find Thee."—*Saint Anselm.*

Strangely do some people talk of "getting over" a great sorrow,—overleaping it, passing it by, thrusting it into oblivion. Not so. No one ever does that,—at least no nature which can be touched by the feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the ocean of affliction solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith, as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gulf narrows and narrows before our eyes, and we land safe on the opposite shore.—*D. M. Craik.*

There is many a crisis in life when we need a faith like the martyr's to support us. There are hours in life like martyrdom,—as full of bitter anguish, as full of utter earthly desolation; in which life itself loses its value, and we ask to die; in whose dread struggle and agony life might drop from us and not be minded. Oh, then must our cry, like that of Jesus, go up to the pitying heavens for help, and nothing but the infinite and immortal can help us. Then, when the world is sinking beneath us, must we seek the everlasting arms to bear us up,—to bear us up to heaven. Thus was it with our great example, and so must it be with us. "In Him was life,"—the life of self-renunciation, the life of love, the life of spiritual and all-conquering faith; and that life is the light of men. O blessed light! come to our darkness; for our soul is dark, our way is dark, for want of thee; come to our darkness and turn it into day; and let it shine brighter and brighter, till it mingles with the light of the all-perfect and everlasting day!

For a man who knows how to sorrow rightly knows how to be glad with a holy joy; and, when he is happiest, it is as though there were a something of God throbbing in his bosom. It is as souls that we are happiest; and so suffering makes for happiness, because it helps to make the soul. Oh, what good sorrow does us, often! To many a one, while he is happy, the outer world feels eternal; but as soon as he is sorrowful, all worldly existence is only a film, because God and his soul feel so close.—*William Mountford.*

Though we stand alone
Like the Disciples gazing up to Heaven
Toward our ascended one,
We know that God, who takes what he has given,
Never a soul forsakes,
And surely gives again that which he takes.
He who has past above the sky
Has gone in time, comes in eternity.
God gives us life, if daily bread we miss;
He takes our pleasures, gives enduring bliss.
—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.*]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass., offers complete years of *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1904–05–06–07–08–09; *Garden Magazine*, 1905–06.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. I have been made happy by the kindness of the Cheerful Letter Exchange in sending me reading matter. Next September I shall be eighty years old. My husband died ten years ago. I have no relatives here. A nephew sends me money enough to keep me above actual want. I am a cripple and cannot walk, but get around in a wheeled chair. I am happy reading. I love poetry—Longfellow, Tennyson, or any poet. I have some books, but I lent them and they are not returned. A book of poetry would make me happy. I had N. P. Willis's poems, but they were borrowed and carried to Deadwood. Thanking the members of the *Cheerful Letter* for all their kindness, I am most gratefully, Mrs. Jane H. Annesley, Spearfish, South Dakota.

2. I have received the *Cheerful Letter* since December, 1910. I wish to thank the one who sends it to me, as I am alone and very lonely. Mrs. Mary C. Ramsdell, Pittsfield, Maine.

3. I am a shut-in, old and feeble. My one pleasure is reading anything up to date in science, religion, and fiction of such

class as you send out. I give for reference M. Theresa Allen, speaker at the Spiritual Temple, 615 South Grant Street, Springfield, Missouri. I will circulate the literature you send me. Mary E. Decker, 338½ Commercial Street, Springfield, Missouri.

4. I shall be glad to receive any good reading that is sent me; religious books, magazines, and A, B, C books for my little girl. I would like to get letters from the Cheerful Letter friends. Mrs. R. I. Deering, Westover, Texas.

5. I write to ask that you adopt into the Book and Magazine Club Miss Annie Wood, Pera, Virginia, and also Miss Alma Waugh, Big Island, Virginia. They live in the country, with limited advantages, and would appreciate any kind of reading matter, new or old. Since my name was entered on your list, I have received lots of magazines and books, which have added immensely to the pleasure of every member of my family. I thank all those who have remembered me. I should be glad to receive recitations, dialogues, or anything suitable for a Sunday-school rally. All reading will be passed on to some worthy person. Thanking you again for the warm friends I have found through the *Cheerful Letter*, Mrs. S. M. Trevey, Naola, Virginia.

6. I should be grateful for "St. Elmo," "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," post-cards, or a post-card album to fill for the Prison Library at Windsor, Vermont. Many cannot read, and would find an album of nice cards a great pleasure. Will pass on all good books to the same prison. Mrs. Royal Cowles, West Derby, Vermont.

7. I receive the *Cheerful Letter* through a very dear friend. I enjoy reading it so much. I thank all who are so kind to me, sending magazines and interesting letters. I would appreciate it so much if some one would send me "In His Steps." Miss Lucy Rogers, Halifax, Route No. 2, North Carolina.

8. Miss Mattie E. Sale, Ronda, R. F. D. 2, Wilkes County, North Carolina, will be glad to get recitations, declamations, charades, dialogues, plays, pantomimes, etc., that they have used this year and thrown aside. She can use them later to advantage. She is especially anxious for the pantomime "My Faith looks up to Thee." She will also appreciate pictures for school-room decoration.

9. Mrs. E. C. Anderson, Monksville, North Carolina, asks for "Paradise Regained" and "Memoirs of Alice and Phœbe Cary."

10. Mrs. P. B. Smith, Swansboro, North Carolina, living twenty miles from a library, will appreciate books and magazines.

11. Please excuse my long delay in acknowledgment of the appreciable reading and cards received. I enjoy them exceedingly. Others around me enjoy them the same. A mistake as to my title which is Miss instead of Mrs. My last name is Davies instead of Davis. Thanks to all who sent me reading, cards, and scrapbook. Miss L. H. Davies, Big Island, Virginia.

12. Bessie Moody, Newalla, Oklahoma, will be glad of reading.

13. Mrs. Minnie Wentworth, East Franklin, Maine, would like reading and letters.

14. Mrs. Gertie Bell, Springer, Oklahoma, asks for reading.

15. Mrs. Dora Bryant, Oakland City, Indiana, would like reading and letters.

16. Mrs. Eugenia Palmer, La Rue, Texas, would like books and magazines.

17. Any copies of the "Book of Song and Service" can be placed to good advantage by addressing Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

18. Flora B. Staples, Elnora, Indiana, who is entirely helpless, expresses her gratitude to all who so kindly remembered her on her birthday. She writes, "I have known many happy birthdays with many surprises, but this is one long to be remembered, because of the kindness of both known and unknown friends."

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Miss Lula Clements is now at Eldon, Missouri.

Mrs. E. T. Sturling is now at Dice Head-Light Station, Castine, Maine.

Mrs. Susie D. Smith has moved to Toronto, Kansas, R. F. D. No. 3, and is now on a ranch.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

(Mrs. Bleeker, Jasper's mother, is discussing methods of education with her father, Mr. Grant.)

"Don't you admit that it is better to govern a boy by reason than by force?" said Mrs. Bleeker. "*I* think it is, and I am going on that system. I don't want to have Jasper ever forced to do anything unless I can show him that it is reasonable and right."

"Yes," replied Mr. Grant, "I have often heard of young mothers that have evinced their extreme sagacity by adopting such a principle as that."

"Why, father," rejoined Mrs. Bleeker, "is not that a good principle?"

"No," said Mr. Grant, "it is a very bad principle."

"But, father, I am sure it is much better for children to be governed by reason than by force."

"You can try it," said her father, "but you will find that it won't do. You must govern this young gentleman by *authority*, or he will not be governed at all. He *has* no reason."

"No reason!" repeated Mrs. Bleeker, much surprised.

"No," replied Mr. Grant. "That is, none that you can place the least reliance upon for the *government of his conduct.* A child for the first ten years of his life is all impulse, appetite, and passion. His judgment and his reasoning powers are *in embryo.* You cannot rely on them at all. It is his mother's reason that is to govern, and not his. It is for that very purpose that God and nature gave him a mother. You may depend upon it that, unless you govern him by authority, he will not be governed at all; and I am quite sure you will *not* govern him by authority, and so I think it highly probable that you will not govern him at all. You will spoil him. You will be able to get along somehow or other for six or eight years; and then he will become so entirely uncontrollable that you cannot have him in the house, and you will have to send him to me."

Mrs. Bleeker laughed; for she supposed that her father was not half in earnest in what he said, and she asked him to wait and see.

"You will see," said she, "as soon as Jasper is able to understand me, how good a boy I will make of him. In the mean time, while he is too young to understand a single word, it is impossible to teach him to obey me. How are you to teach him, for instance, not to tear up his picture-books, when he can't understand anything you say to him?"

"Gertrude can teach him," replied Mr. Grant. . . .

When Mrs. Bleeker saw that the experiment had succeeded, she wondered a little at first; and then she said: "Yes, but I can't take so much time with him. The picture-books are not worth it."

Mrs. Bleeker, though in many respects a very sensible woman, could not see that the object of such discipline as this was not to save the picture-books, but to save the boy.

(Jasper, the spoiled boy, has just run away from school, and on his way back to New York meets his grandfather on the train. His grandfather questions him gently and kindly, and Jasper relates the circumstances of his evasion.)

"Well, Jasper," said Mr. Grant, after a few minutes, "I think you showed a great deal of energy and courage in making your escape."

"Yes, grandpapa, I knew you'd say that I did right."

"Oh, but I don't say that you did right," replied Mr. Grant: "on the other hand, I think you did wrong. I said I thought you displayed a great deal of energy and courage. Don't you think a person may show courage and energy in doing wrong?"

"Why, yes, grandpapa, I suppose they may," said Jasper.

We see in the comments thus made by Mr. Grant upon Jasper's escape something of the secret influence which he had already begun to acquire over Jasper's mind. He was discriminating and just in his judgments, and did not condemn him in a sweeping and unqualified manner when he did wrong. Almost all the conduct of children, the good as well as the bad, is of a complex nature. There are good elements and bad elements in it. Mr. Grant was always careful to recognize and acknowledge the good, if there was any, and that opened Jasper's heart to whatever he might have to say about the bad.

Another thing was that Mr. Grant, in talking with his grandson, did not make too much of a child of him. He talked to him in manly language, and treated his judgment and opinions with a certain respect. He reasoned with Jasper a great deal, when there was nothing in the circumstances of the case to bias Jasper's mind in respect to the subject,—in other words, when the reasoning did not relate to anything he was to do or not to do. A boy can begin to reason pretty early, provided his inclinations do not come in the way. If they do, he is entirely blinded by them, and cannot reason at all. It is on this account

that it is so unwise and impracticable for parents to attempt to govern their children by reasoning with them. Children must be *governed* by authority, though they may be *instructed* and *enlightened* by reason.

"Had we better get out at the upper station, Jasper," said Mr. Grant, "or go down to the lower station?"

"At the upper station," said Jasper: "that's the nearest way. Then we can go right up to our house."

So they stopped at the upper station. As they were getting out of the car, Mr. Grant took hold of Jasper's hand, saying:—

"Now show me the way, Jasper, and choose out a good carriage. You ought to know more about the carriages than I, you have lived in New York so long."

"Yes, grandfather," said Jasper. "Come with me. I'll show you the way. The carriages are up this way."

So Jasper, who had often stopped at this station before when coming down the North River with his mother, led his grandfather along the platform to the place where the carriages were standing. He was very much pleased to have the duty of selecting a carriage assigned to him.

"Which do you look out for most, Jasper, when you are choosing a hack," asked Mr. Grant, "the horses or the carriages?"

"The horses," said Jasper. "I always want a good pair of horses, such as will hold up their heads and trot off well."

So saying, Jasper began to examine the carriages and horses on the stand; and, after making his choice, he and his grandfather got into the carriage and drove toward Mrs. Bleeker's house. On the way Mr. Grant said,—

"Do you like horses, Jasper?"

"Yes, sir," said Jasper, "very much indeed."

"I am glad of that," replied Mr. Grant; "for, when you come to Lendon, you and I can have some good drives. Can you drive a wagon?"

"Oh, yes, grandfather, easy enough. I've driven mother's carriage often and often."

"Have you?" said Mr. Grant.

"Yes, sir," said Jasper, "all the way from the stable round to the door."

"Indeed!" said his grandfather.

"And, besides that," said Jasper, "I have driven from the door round to the stable. But, grandfather, when can I go to Lendon? When are you going home?"

"I am going home this evening," said Mr. Grant.

"Then I mean to ask my mother to let me go with you," said Jasper.

"Ah! but I am afraid that will hardly do," rejoined Mr. Grant.

"Why not, grandfather?" asked Jasper.

"Because I am so very particular," said Mr. Grant. "I am very particular about being obeyed. A boy that is at my house is obliged to do exactly as I say; and he must do it, too, the first time that I say it. I never stop to talk with him or reason with him at all. Just as quick as I give an order, presto! he must obey. Now you have not been used to that, and you would not like it: you have been all your life accustomed to disobey, or, at least, only to obey when you liked the command."

"Ah, yes, grandfather," said Jasper: "I should like it very well. Just try me, and you will see how well I like it."

"And, besides," continued his grandfather, "it will be hard for me. You would disobey me in some little thing or other: then I should be obliged to make you obey, and that would very unpleasant for me. I like you very much, and it would be very hard for me to have to force you to do anything; but yet I should be obliged to do it."

"But grandfather," said Jasper, "I will always obey you myself. I will, really and truly,—I certainly will."

"Suppose you were a general," said Mr. Grant, "and suppose that you ordered one of your soldiers to fire, and he would not fire, what would you do?"

"I'd shoot him," said Jasper.

"But suppose he said it was not the right time to fire," rejoined Mr. Grant, "and that he was going to fire as soon as the right time came?"

"I'd tell him," said Jasper, "that it was none of his business whether it was the right time to fire or not, and that, if he did not fire when I ordered him to, I'd shoot him. Or, at least," said Jasper, softening a little, on reflection, "if I did not shoot him, I'd put him in a prison, if there was a prison there."

"That's just what I should do if I was a general. And it is just so with boys. If they don't obey me, when I have a right to command them, I have to punish them to make them obey. Now, it is very hard for us to do that to anybody that we like. If I did not like you, I would as lieve have you go with me to Lendon as not. Then, if you did not obey me, I could punish you and make you obey, and not care anything about it. But, as it is, it would be very hard."

Jasper did not know exactly what to say in answer to this, so he was silent. Presently Mr. Grant added:—

"It is just so with your mother. She

loves you so much that she cannot bear to punish you and make you obey her; and so you take advantage of that, and disobey her more and more."

Jasper continued silent.

"I think it is rather ungenerous myself," said Mr. Grant, "for you to do so; but I suppose you think it is right."

"Why, no," said Jasper, hesitatingly,—"no, I don't exactly think it is right."

"It would not be exactly so in London," said Mr. Grant; "for I should make you obey, however hard and painful it might be for me."

"But, grandfather," said Jasper, "I will certainly obey you all the time without giving you any trouble."

"You think so," said Mr. Grant, "and I have no doubt myself but you would learn after a time to obey me; but we should have some trouble at first."

"Jasper," said Mr. Grant, "you can tell Thomas that he is to have the carriage ready at two o'clock. I shall be at the bank at that time. Thomas will come there for me. When the carriage is ready, you must get into it, and let Thomas drive you down."

"Yes," said Jasper, "only I'll ride outside with Thomas."

"No," said Mr. Grant, "I had rather you would ride inside."

"Why can't I ride outside?" said Jasper.

"Suppose you were a general," replied Mr. Grant, "and you ordered a soldier to fire; and if, instead of obeying, he stopped to ask you *why* he must fire, what would you do?"

"I'd tell him it was none of his business," replied Jasper. "And, if he did not fire at once when I ordered him, I'd shoot him."

"Ah, now, Jasper, be a good boy," said his mother, "and do as your grandfather says. He has a good reason for not wanting you to ride outside. He is afraid that you will fall off or something."

"Oh, there's no danger at all," said Jasper.

"No," said his grandfather. "I don't think there is any danger of his falling off."

"Then what is the reason?" asked Jasper.

"I never give reasons for a command till after it is obeyed," said Mr. Grant. "I give you the order to ride inside, but I don't suppose that you will obey me. You can do as you please. I shall not be here to see. If you ride inside, you will obey. If you ride outside, you will disobey. Do whichever you think best. So now go and tell Thomas to have the carriage ready at that time."

When he arrived at the bank, Jasper got out, and went up to find his grandfather.

"Well, grandfather," said Jasper, as they were walking downstairs, "I obeyed you."

"Did you?" said Mr. Grant. "Did you ride in the carriage?"

"Yes, sir, I did," said Jasper: "I rode inside all the way."

"Then I was mistaken," said his grandfather. "You are rather a better boy than I thought you were: it seems you *can* obey. I did not know that such a thing was possible with you. However, I am very sure that you will disobey me before long. You will see. But now we must get you some clothes to wear at London."

On the way up town Jasper asked his grandfather if he could tell him *then* what the reason was why he was not willing that he should ride outside coming down.

"Certainly," said his grandfather: "I am perfectly willing to tell you now. You see it makes all the difference in the world whether a boy asks the reason for a command before he has obeyed it or afterward."

"Why does it make so great a difference, grandfather?" asked Jasper.

"The reason is," said his grandfather, "that, when a boy asks the reason for a command before he obeys it, it is not because he thinks there *is* a good reason, and wishes to know what it is for information, but only because he wishes to argue about the command instead of obeying it. He asks why only as a way to starting a discussion. But, after the command is obeyed, then it is different. If he asks the reason then, it is because he really wants to know. It is too late then to argue about it."

"Well, I do really want to know, grandfather," said Jasper, "why you were not willing to let me ride outside."

"It was because I knew your mother would be afraid you would fall off," said Mr. Grant.

"But, grandfather, you said there was no danger of my falling off."

"True," rejoined his grandfather, "*I* did not think there was any danger of your falling off; but I knew that your mother would think there was danger, and that she would be more or less anxious about you all the time. So I chose to have you ride inside, in order to save her that anxiety. I suppose you don't care whether your mother is anxious about you or not, but I do."

"Oh, yes, grandfather," said Jasper: "I care, I'm sure."

"I'm glad if you do," said his grandfather. "Boys ought to care. They ought not only to avoid doing things that are really dan-

gerous, but they ought not to do anything that their mothers think is dangerous, no matter whether, in thinking so, their mothers are mistaken or not. You see ladies are naturally timid. Sometimes they are unnecessarily timid, and it is the duty of men, and even of boys, to protect them not only from danger, but also even from fear."

"At least, that is what all generous-minded men think," continued Mr. Grant. "But you are young yet. I don't know that you are old enough to think of such things at all. How old are you?"

"I'm almost nine," said Jasper.

"Almost nine!" repeated Mr. Grant. "That's pretty old. I did not know that you were so old as that. Yes, I should think you were old enough to have some of the feelings of a gentleman. Don't you sometimes feel a little beginning of a desire to do something to save your mother from pain, and make her happy?"

"Yes, sir," said Jasper, "very often."

"Well," said Mr. Grant, "those are the beginnings of manly feelings in you. They will increase, you will find, and grow stronger and stronger, the older and more manly you grow. And now you understand, very well, don't you, why I was not willing you should ride outside?"

"Yes, sir," said Jasper.

"You are in a condition to understand it now," added Mr. Grant; "but you could not have understood it at all at the time. Your mind was not in a condition to take it in. If I had given you the reason, you would have gone to arguing with me against it. And now, after we get to Lendon, when I give you a command, always obey it first and ask the reason of it afterward. If you ask me the reason before you obey, I shall not give it to you. You must obey because I command you; and, if you don't obey, I shall have to make you obey, or, at least, to punish you for not obeying, and that will be very hard for me."

"Ah, but I *will* obey you," said Jasper.

"I hope you will," said his grandfather. "And now which way do you think we had better go to get to Lendon?"

"Are there two ways?" said Jasper.

"Yes," said Mr. Grant: "we can go by the Housatonic road or by the Hudson River road."

"Let us go by the Housatonic road," said Jasper. "I never went that way."

"Very well, we will," said Mr. Grant.

So that afternoon they went to Lendon by the Housatonic road. Through the whole course of the journey Mr. Grant pursued the same policy in respect to the treatment of Jasper that he had adopted in New York. He threw upon him the responsibility of determining a great many minor questions in regard to the details of the journey. He sent him to buy the tickets, and then let him keep them both and show them to the conductor when he came round to call for them; and thus, in a variety of ways, he furnished occupation for Jasper's mind, and kept his powers and faculties in a state of constant activity.

Jasper enjoyed the journey very much indeed.—*Jacob Abbott, in "Jasper; or, The Spoiled Child Recovered."*

NATURAL HISTORY.

PASSENGER, OR WILD, PIGEON.

(Length, 15–17 inches.)

Order—*Columbæ.*
Family—*Columbidæ.*
Genus—*Ectopistes.*
Species—*Ectopistes migratorius.*

Distinguishing Characters.—Size large, length, 15 to 17 inches; tail long and pointed, length, 8.50 inches; resembling in general appearance the Mourning, or Carolina, Dove, but much larger, and flight said not to be accompanied by a whistling sound.

Adult Male.—Upper parts bluish slate color, middle of the back browner; sides of the head bluish slate-color of the same shade as the crown, chin somewhat paler; *no black mark behind the ears;* wing-coverts slaty-blue like the rump, the tertials and their coverts browner and with black spots; primaries blackish and externally margined with *brownish;* central pair of tail-feathers blackish, *all* the others *white* or *pearly white* at end half, becoming grayer toward the base, where they are marked with black and often chestnut; underparts rich brownish pink, becoming white on the lower abdomen and under tail-coverts; chin, upper throat, and sides of the throat bluish slate-color; sides of the neck like breast, but with iridescent reflections spreading to the hindneck; bill black, feet reddish.

Adult Female.—Differs from the male in having the middle of the back, crown, and wings brownish (*the rump, however, remaining bluish slate*), more black marks in the wings, the chin much whiter, the underparts paler, brownish with little or no pinkish tinge, the iridescence at the side of the neck less pronounced, the central pair of tail-feathers browner, the others somewhat grayer.

Young.—Young birds of both sexes resemble in plumage the adult female; but the feathers of the crown, foreback, sides of the

breast and sides of the neck, the wing-coverts and tertials are tipped with whitish or brownish, the primaries are broadly edged and tipped with rusty brown, the outer tail-feathers are grayer.

Remarks.—The only other member of the order Columbæ for which the Passenger Pigeon could be mistaken is the Mourning, or Carolina, Dove. The pigeon, however, is much larger, the adult male is much pinker below, and in both sexes of the pigeon the rump is bluish slate instead of brownish, as in the dove, while the pigeon's outer tail-feathers are broadly tipped with white and the dove's more narrowly with gray. Furthermore, the small, black mark present behind the ear in the dove is wanting in the pigeon (see Educational Leaflet No. 2, "The Mourning Dove.")

Alexander Wilson, the "Father of American Ornithology," estimated that a flock of wild pigeons seen by him near Frankfort, Kentucky, about 1808, contained at least 1,230,272,000 individuals. Audubon writes that in 1805 he saw schooners at the wharves in New York City loaded in bulk with wild pigeons, caught up the Hudson River, which were sold at one cent each.

The late George N. Lawrence tells of the great flights of pigeons that annually passed over New York City as late as 1850. He says, "We could see flocks consisting of from twenty-five to over a hundred pigeons come sweeping down over the tree-tops, seemingly at a speed of seventy-five miles an hour. The flocks followed each other in quick succession. On the present site of General Grant's tomb was an old country-seat known as 'Claremont.' From the top of this house during one of these great flights of pigeons the owner killed a hundred or more in one morning." The writer, during the past forty years, has studied the birds of the vicinity of New York, and in all that period has seen only one live wild pigeon. The writer's father, who lived at Tarrytown, New York in his boyhood, has often told of the enormous flocks of pigeons he saw there, so great that in passing overhead the sun was darkened as by a rain-cloud and the noise of their wings was like thunder.

To-day the wild pigeon is so rare that the observation of a single individual is considered noteworthy.

The species continued abundant until about 1860, when, as a result of increasing slaughter for food, it began rapidly to diminish in numbers, and no large flock has been recorded since 1888. Frank M. Chapman tells me that as late as July, 1881, he saw wild pigeons used in large numbers at a trap-shooting tournament held near New York City. The birds had been netted in the West and were often so helpless from their confinement in foul cages that they were unable to fly. William Brewster writes that in 1876 or 1877 there was a pigeon-nesting near Petosky, Michigan, which was twenty-eight miles long and averaged four miles in width. The disappearance of so abundant a creature in so comparatively short time is a surprising illustration of man's power in the animal world, when, for any reason, his forces are directed toward a certain end.

Wild pigeons lived in flocks at all seasons, nesting, roosting, and feeding in enormous bodies. Wilson mentions a nesting colony which was several miles in breadth and upwards of forty miles in extent. The birds chose preferably beech woods, and as many as ninety nests have been counted in a single tree. The flock previously mentioned, estimated to contain over two billion individuals, stretched from horizon to horizon, as far as the eye could reach in every direction, and was four hours in passing a given point. At all seasons, whether migrating, roosting, or nesting, pigeons were subject to attack by man. Their migrations were governed largely by the food supply, acorns and beech-nuts constituting their chief fare, and, when they appeared at a certain place, their destruction became the object of the day. Many were shot, but by far the larger number were netted with the aid of live decoys. Wilson tells of thirty dozen birds being captured at one spring of the net. Audubon states that he knew a man who, in Pennsylvania, netted five hundred dozen pigeons in one day.

When roosting, pigeons were attacked by men armed with guns, poles, clubs, and even pots of sulphur, and wagon-loads of birds were killed nightly. Similar methods of destruction were employed when the birds were nesting. At this season the squabs were especially desired, and the trees were shaken or felled to obtain them. When the wants of the hunters had been supplied, droves of hogs were released beneath the nesting trees to feed on the birds remaining. At one of the last large known pigeon 'nestings,' near Petosky, Michigan, in 1878, it is estimated that one billion birds were killed during the season.

This, in brief, is the story of the destruction of the wild pigeon, whose remarkably rapid extermination is paralleled only by that of the American bison. During the period of its abundance the wild pigeon was distributed throughout the greater part of

Eastern North America, from the Hudson Bay region southward to Florida, and casually westward to British Columbia. To-day an occasional individual is observed at intervals in the Atlantic States, and in the middle and upper Mississippi Valley they are seen more frequently. Reports of their presence in large numbers on the Pacific coast or in various parts of the tropics prove to be based on other species of pigeons.

STUDY POINTS FOR TEACHERS AND STUDENTS.

What are the special characters of the wild pigeon? How does the male differ from the female? How do the young differ from the adults? In what respect does the pigeon differ from the mourning dove? How many pigeons were estimated by Wilson to be contained in one flock? How long a time was the flock in passing a given point? What is the estimated flight speed of the pigeon? At what price does Audubon mention seeing pigeons sold in New York City in 1805? How were these birds shipped? Where were they caught? What area was occupied by a pigeon roost observed by Wilson? How many nests have been observed in a single tree? What governed the migrations of pigeons? What was their principal food? When did wild pigeons begin noticeably to decrease in numbers? What were the causes? When and where was the last known large pigeon roost? What was the former range of the species? What is its present range? What conclusion may we draw from the history of the pigeon's extinction?

Much information in regard to the Passenger Pigeon will be found in the works of Wilson, Audubon, and Nuttall, in Baird, Brewer, and Ridgeway's 'History of North American Birds," Bendire's "Life Histories of North American Birds," Brewster's "The Present Status of the Wild Pigeon (*Ectopistes migratorius*) as a Bird of the United States, with Some Notes of its Habits," *The Auk*, VI., 1889, pp. 285–291.—*William Dutcher in "Bird-Lore."*

THE FRIENDLY STARS.

JULY: ANTARES.

About ten o'clock in the evening of the longest day of June is perhaps the most favorable time to look for Antares,—a beautiful star in a beautiful constellation. It is then due south and at the highest point in its diurnal path across the heavens which never take it higher than a little more than one-fourth of the way from horizon to zenith.

Antares is indicated by a line drawn at right angles to the line connecting Altair and its two companions, and extending about sixty degrees, or to the first brilliant red star, Antares, the only one of its kind in this most interesting region of the sky. An almost equal-sided triangle about fifty degrees long is formed by the lines connecting Antares, Vega, and Arcturus, which is a still further guide to the location of the star. It is, with one exception, farther south than any other star of the first magnitude that can be seen in our latitude.

While the latter part of June and all of July are perhaps the best times to see Antares at its brightest, it is an interesting star to observe much earlier in the season.

The stay of Antares is short: it is visible in the evening between sunset and midnight for only six months and during only one of those months, June, is it visible all night. Its bright red color is accentuated when Antares is near the setting point in the south-west, just as it was when it was rising in the south-east.

Although Antares is almost strictly a summer star, it is a very significant object in the south-western heavens during September and October, and is often commented on at that time by persons who have not noticed it earlier in the season.

AUGUST: VEGA.

About an hour after Arcturus has risen there will come peeping over the north-eastern horizon a brilliant, bluish star which twinkles so gayly and commands such instant admiration that its entrance into view has almost a dramatic effect.

To find Vega, draw a line from the star at the function of the bowl and the handle of the dipper to Polaris. Then draw a line at right angles to this nearly forty degrees in length and on the same side of the dipper from which the handle projects, and it will point out the brilliant, beautiful Vega. The star is the only conspicuous one in the region described and no other star can be mistaken for it.

Vega is on the opposite side of the pole from Capella, but the two stars are usually seen in the sky at the same time.

If one is in any doubt about the identity of Vega, it can always be recognized at a glance by the fact that there is following it four dainty stars arranged in an oblique parallelogram.

Vega, like Capella, can be seen in our latitude at some time during the night every night in the year.

Early in May the star rises at about the

same hour that the sun sets, and all summer long it is the gayest and perhaps most instantly attractive star in the evening skies. It is above the horizon eighteen hours out of each twenty-four. Vega is the most brilliant star in the skies of the northern hemisphere, though its supremacy is closely contested by Capella and Arcturus. Sirius is brighter, but, as it lies south of the celestial equator, it is called a southern star.

Vega is the chief star in the constellation called the Lyre.—"*The Friendly Stars*," *Martha Evans Martin.*

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO C. S.

If I have seemed more prompt to censure wrong
Than praise the right; if seldom to thine ear
My voice hath mingled with the exultant cheer
Borne upon all our Northern winds along;
If I have failed to join the fickle throng
In wide-eyed wonder, that thou standest strong
In victory, surprised in thee to find
Brougham's scathing power with Canning's grace combined;
That he, for whom the ninefold Muses sang,
From their twined arms a giant athlete sprang,
Barbing the arrows of his native tongue
With the spent shafts Latona's archer flung,
To smite the Python of our land and time,
Fell as the monster born of Crissa's slime,
Like the blind bard who in Castalian springs
Tempered the steel that clove the crest of kings,
And on the shrine of England's freedom laid
The gifts of Cumæ and of Delphi's shade,—
Small need hast thou of words of praise from me.
Thou knowest my heart, dear friend, and well canst guess
That, even though silent, I have not the less
Rejoiced to see thy actual life agree
With the large future which I shaped for thee,
When, years ago, beside the summer sea,
White in the moon, we saw the long waves fall
Baffled and broken from the rocky wall,
That, to the menace of the brawling flood,
Opposed alone its massive quietude,
Calm as a fate; with not a leaf nor vine
Nor birch-spray trembling in the still moonshine,
Crowning it like God's peace. I sometimes think
That night-scene by the sea prophetical
(For Nature speaks in symbols and in signs,
And through her pictures human fate divines)
That rock, wherefrom we saw the billows sink
In murmuring rout, uprising clear and tall
In the white light of heaven, the type of one
Who, momently by Error's host assailed,
Stands strong as Truth, in greaves of granite mailed;
And, tranquil-fronted, listening over all
The tumult, hears the angels say, Well done!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

CHARLES SUMNER.

HOW HE WENT TO THE SENATE.

At the time of the coalition between the Free-soilers and the Democrats for the election of a Legislature, there was an understanding between them that the Democrats, in case of success, should have the State officers to be elected and the Free-Soilers should have the Senatorship. . . .

After the result of the election was fully known and the control of the State was found to have come into the hands of the coalition, the trend of public opinion continued steadily towards Sumner for Senator, without any effort of his friends to work it up. . . .

. . . Sumner wrote fully and frankly his feelings upon the Senatorship: "I appreciate your generosity and am proud of your confidence. I am not entirely insensible to the honor that post would confer, though I do not feel this strongly, for I have never been accustomed to think highly of political distinction. I feel that it would to a certain extent be a vindication of me against the attacks to which, in common with you and others of our friends, I have been exposed. And I am especially touched by the idea of the sphere of usefulness in which it would place me. But, notwithstanding these things, I must say that I have not been able to bring myself to desire the post or even to be willing to take it. My dreams and visions are all in other directions. In the course of my life I have had many, but none have been in the United States Senate. In taking that post I must renounce forever quiet and repose: my life henceforward would be in public affairs. I cannot contemplate this without repugnance. It would call upon me to forego those literary plans and aspirations which I have more at heart than any merely political success. Besides, even if I should incline to this new career, there are men in our ranks, my seniors and betters, to whom I defer sincerely and completely." . . .

. . . Sumner maintained this position to the close of the contest. It had no purpose of self-seeking with him. The cause was everything; and he insisted, even with his own prospect of the office before him, that the promotion of that must be kept steadily in view, and whoever could best serve it

ought to have the place. He mistrusted his own fitness for it; and he did not believe he should fill it, if he could not fill it best. He steadily refused to seek the place before his nomination by the caucus. Others must determine the question of his fitness. But, after he had been chosen by the caucus and his success thus became welded to that of the cause, he met with his supporters several times in council and discussed plans with them and received and made suggestions and did what he could to promote their success. But, when the contest was protracted and his success seemed doubtful, he urged them, whenever they pleased and without consulting him, to abandon the effort to elect him and unite on any one else whose prospects were better. His course showed the absence of self-seeking and the ideals with which he entered public life. The sequel will show that he maintained them to the close. . . .

. . . The ballots were taken, sometimes more than one on the same day and sometimes with intervals of weeks. There were twenty-six in all in the House. Sometimes Sumner was within one vote of an election, and again he lacked as many as twelve. As the contest dragged its weary length along, both sides became tired of it, but neither would yield. The Free-soilers felt that they were only asking their right, and that, having chosen their candidate, with due reference to his acceptability to the Democrats, they ought not to yield. . . .

. . . The editor of the *Times* called upon him and asked him to modify some of his utterances on the slavery question, especially in his recent Faneuil Hall speech, on "Our Immediate Anti-slavery Duties." This he declined to do. The editor then asked him how he would like to have that speech printed, so that it might be read by the members of the Legislature. Sumner replied that nothing would give him greater pleasure. It accordingly appeared the next day in the *Times*, with this comment:—

"Mr. Sumner avows that what is called his Faneuil Hall speech contains his calm, deliberately formed, and well-matured opinions, —opinions by which his actions would be governed in the event of his election to the office of United States Senator. . . . We hope that every Democratic member of the Legislature will read the speech of the man for whom they are asked to vote, and then consider whether it is not their duty to vote for some other person." . . .

. . . It was a notable election,—a struggle for the seat of Daniel Webster, in the Senate, while he was still living, upon an issue which was already dividing the country, and drawn out by its closeness for weary weeks and months! It attracted general attention. The dignity with which Sumner bore himself through it and his constant refusal to make any promise or pledge or to modify his previously expressed opinions, though votes were offered in exchange, raised the people's estimate of him. To a Democrat who had called upon him for this purpose, he said, "If by walking across my office I could secure the Senatorship, I would not take a step." He was not to be swerved by self-interest. This sentiment found a response among the plain people. It can fairly be concluded now that any other course would have lost him votes. His power was in his leadership of a conscience party. No sacrifice of principle for votes could have strengthened that leadership. So without sacrifice of conviction and without pledges other than were to be implied from his past life, Sumner came to the office of Senator.—*Life of Charles Sumner, by Shotwell.*

HOW HE DIED.

In the evening he entertained Congressman Henry L. Pierce and Mr. B. P. Poore of the press, both of Massachusetts, at his house for dinner. Before their arrival he wrote some friend in Boston, to interest them in preventing the complimentary dinner to Baez, and he spoke of it to his guests when they arrived and seemed worried by it. After dinner the two friends remained in conversation with him for two hours, and then left, Mr. Pierce being the last to go. About half an hour after he left the servants below heard a noise in his chamber, as of some one falling heavily to the floor; and, upon going immediately up, they found him lying partly upon the lounge and in great agony. . . .

. . . Dr. Brown-Séquard was telegraphed for, and word of his condition sent his sister and other relatives. His friends, Senator Schurz and Congressman E. Rockwood Hoar and George F. Hoar, heard of his condition and came at once. Many of his friends and associates in the public service called during the day to tender kindly offices, and before them the chaplain of the Senate in the Library, below where he lay, read passages of Scripture and offered prayer, as he did also in Sumner's room.

When partially aroused, certain things seemed to be upon his mind. "I should not regret this if my book were finished," he murmured. And again, "My book, my unfinished book!" He could be heard to

murmur the words "tired," "weary." To his former secretary, Mr. Johnson, who with the two colored friends were changing his position, he said: "You must be very tired, but you can soon rest." To Judge E. R. Hoar, who was chafing his hands, saying he was trying to warm them, he answered hopelessly, "You never will." To Mr. Johnson, who had lifted him up and had his arm under him, he said, "Don't let the bill be lost." To which he replied, "Certainly not"; when Sumner answered, "You don't understand me: I mean the Civil Rights Bill." And then, turning to Judge Hoar, he said; "Judge, the Civil Rights Bill; don't let it be lost—don't let if fail, my bill, the Civil Rights Bill!" About noon Schurz asked him, "Do you know me?" "Yes," he answered, striving to open his eyes, "but I do not see you." And again the words were murmured: "Oh, so tired! Oh, so weary!" As the end drew very near he said to Judge Hoar, a neighbor of Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Judge, tell Emerson how much I love and revere him." And the Judge answered: "I will. He said of you once, he never knew so white a soul." He was a little later told that Mr. Hooper had come to see him. He motioned him to a seat and said, "Sit down." These were his last words. He soon sank again into unconsciousness, the heart-beats growing feebler. For six hours there had been no pulse distinguishable at his wrist; and at ten minutes before three o'clock P.M. he passed into another convulsive movement with his heart, and the end was over. And Charles Sumner was dead. His friend and former secretary, Johnson, and Dr. Lincoln were supporting him at the time. Mr. Downing held his right hand, Judge Hoar his left; and, as he laid it down, he said: "Well done, good and faithful servant! Enter thou into the the joy of thy Lord!"

. . . When the train reached its destination, it was met by a multitude of people. Escorted by a mounted guard of honor from the First Battalion, followed by a long procession of carriages and people on foot, to the State House, here on a catafalque in the rotunda, hung with the torn and tattered flags of the conflict over Slavery, he was laid, his life-work done and the trust which had been confided to him by his State ended. As the shades of Saturday evening were gathering in the great hall, Senator Anthony advanced to Governor Washburn and said:—

"May it please your Excellency: We are commanded by the Senate to render back to you your illustrious dead. Nearly a quarter of a century ago you dedicated to the public service a man who was even then greatly distinguished. He remained in it, quickening its patriotism, informing its councils, and leading in its deliberations, until, having survived in continuous service all his original associates, he has closed his earthly career. With reverent hands we bring to you his mortal part, that it may be committed to the soil of the renowned Commonwealth that gave him birth. Take it, it is yours. The part which we do not return to you is not wholly yours to receive nor altogether ours to give. It belongs to the country, to mankind, to freedom, to civilization, to humanity. We come to you with emblems of mourning, which faintly typify the sorrow that swells the breasts which they cover. So much we must concede to the infirmity of human nature. But in the view of reason and philosophy is it not rather a matter of high exultation that a life so pure in its personal qualities, so high in its public aims, so fortunate in its fruition of noble effort, has closed safely, without a stain, before age had impaired its intellectual vigor, before time had dimmed the lustre of its genius!"

"May it please Your Excellency: Our mission is completed. We commit to you the body of Charles Sumner. His undying fame the Muse of History has already taken into her keeping."—*Life of Charles Sumner, by Shotwell.*

EPITAPH.

HUMANITAS JUSTITIAQUE
MAERENT ET MAEREBUNT
TE,
SUMNER JUSTITAE CULTOR EXIMIUS
JUSTITIA OB VITAM PURISSIMA
INTER SORDIORES
HUMANITAS UT TIBI NUSQUAM
ALIENA
TU FINE LABORUM
IMMORTALIS INITIO
GAUDEAS
TALI MORTE
TALE SUPERSTITE NULLO.
FELIX FAUSTUS FORTUNATUS
GLORIA RESURGENS
AVE.

The following may be given as nearly a literal translation:—

HUMANITY AND JUSTICE
MOURN AND WILL MOURN
THEE,
O SUMNER, MOST RENOWNED FOSTERER OF JUSTICE!
JUSTICE ON ACCOUNT OF THY MOST PURE LIFE AMONG THE BASE;
HUMANITY IN THAT SHE NEVER WAS A STRANGER TO THEE.
THOU REJOICEST IN THE END OF LABORS AND THE
BEGINNING OF IMMORTALITY.
O HAPPY, BLESSED, AND FORTUNATE ONE,
IN SUCH A DEATH THAT NONE LIKE THEE REMAINS,
RISING TO GLORY,
HAIL!

AN ADVENTURE WITH JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.

More than twenty years ago, being pastor of a church in Louisville, Kentucky, I was sitting one evening meditating over my coal fire, which was cheerfully blazing up and gloomily subsiding again, in the way that Western coal fires in Western coal grates were then very much in the habit of doing. I was a young and inexperienced minister. I had come to the West fresh from a New England divinity school, with magnificent ideas of the vast work which was to be done, and with rather a vague notion of the way in which I was to do it.

. . . I was sitting, as I said, meditating somewhat sadly, when a knock came at the door. On opening it, a negro boy, with grinning face, presented himself, holding a note. The great fund of good humor which God has bestowed on the African race often makes them laugh when we see no occasion for laughter. Any event, no matter what it is, seems to them amusing. So this boy laughed merely because he had brought me a note, and not because there was anything peculiarly amusing in the message which the note contained. It is true that you sometimes meet a melancholy negro. But such, I fancy, have some foreign blood in them: they are not Africans *pur sang*. The race is so essentially joyful that centuries of oppre sion and hardship could not depress its good spirits. It was cheerful, in spite of slavery and in spite of cruel prejudice.

The note the boy brought me was as follows:—

UNITED STATES HOTEL, Jan. 4, 1834.

Sir,—I hope you will excuse the liberty of a stranger addressing you on a subject he feels great interest in. It is to require a place of interment for his friend[s] in the churchyard, and also the expense attendant on the purchase of such place of temporary repose.

Your communication on this matter will greatly oblige, sir, your respectful and obedient servant,

J. B. BOOTH.

It will be observed that after the word "friend" an [s] follows in brackets. In the original the word was followed by a small mark which might or might not give it the plural form. It could be read either "friend" or "friends"; but, as we do not usually find ourselves called upon to bury more than one friend at a time, the hasty reader would not notice the mark, but would read it "friend." So did I; and only afterward, in consequence of the *dénouement*, did I notice that it might be read the other way.

Taking my hat, I stepped into the street. Gas in those days was not; an occasional lantern, swung on a wire across the intersection of the streets, reminded us that the city was once French, and suggested the French Revolution and the cry, "*À la lanterne!*" First I went to my neighbor, the mayor of the city, in pursuit of the desired information. A jolly mayor was he,—a Yankee melted down into a Western man, throughly Westernized by a rough-and-tumble life in Kentucky during many years. Being obliged to hold a mayor's court every day, and knowing very little of law, his chief study was, as he expressed it, "how to choke off the Kentucky lawyers." Mr. Mayor not being at home, I turned next to the office of another naturalized Yankee,—a Yankee naturalized, but not Westernized. He was one of those who do not change their mind with their sky, who, exiled from the dear hills of New England, can never be otherwise than the inborn, inherent Yankee. He was a Plymouth man, and religiously preserved every opinion, habit, and accent which he had brought from Plymouth Rock. When Kentucky was madly Democratic and wept over the dead Jefferson as over her saint, he publicly expressed the opinion that it would have been well for the country if he had died long before,—for which expression he came near being lynched. He was the most unpopular and the most indispensable man in the city,—they could live neither with him nor without him. He founded and organized the insurance companies, the public schools, the charitable associations, the great canal, the banking system,—in

short, all Yankee institutions. The city was indebted to him for much of its prosperity, but disliked him while it respected him. For he spared no Western prejudice; he remorselessly criticised everything that was not done as Yankees do it; and the most provoking thing of all was that he seldom made a mistake; he was very apt to be right.

Finding neither of these men at home, and so not being able to learn about the price of lots in the churchyard, I walked on to the hotel, and asked to see Mr. J. B. Booth. I was shown into a private parlor, where he and another gentleman were sitting by a table. On the table were candles, a decanter of wine and glasses, a plate of bread, cigars, and a book. Mr. Booth rose when I announced myself, and I at once recognized the distinguished actor. I had met him once before, and travelled with him for part of a day. He was a short man, but one of those who seem tall when under excitement. He had a clear blue eye and fair complexion. In repose there was nothing to attract attention to him; but, when excited, his expression was so animated, his eye was so brilliant, and his figure so full of life, that he became another man.

Having told him that I had not been successful in procuring the information he desired, but would bring it to him on the following morning, he thanked me and asked me to sit down. It passed through my mind that, as he had lost a friend and was a stranger in the place, I might be of use to him. Perhaps he needed consolation, and it was my office to sympathize with the bereaved. So I sat down. But it did not appear that he was disposed to seek for such comfort or engage in such discourse. Once or twice I endeavored, but without success, to turn the conversation to his presumed loss. I asked him if the death of his friend was sudden.

"Very," he replied.

"Was he a relative?"

"Distant," said he, and changed the subject.

It is so long since these events took place that I do not pretend to give the conversation accurately, but what occurred was much like this. It was a dialogue between Booth and myself, the third person saying not a word during the evening. Mr. Booth first asked me to take a glass of wine or a cigar, both of which I declined.

"Well," said he, "let me try to entertain you in another way. When you came in, I was reading aloud to my friend. Perhaps you would like to hear me read."

"I certainly should," said I.

"What shall I read?"

"Whatever you like best. What you like to read I shall like to hear."

"Then suppose I attempt Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner'? Have you time for it? It is long."

"Yes, I should like it much."

So he read aloud the whole of this magnificent poem. I have listened to many eminent readers and actors, but none of them affected me as I was moved by this reading. I forgot the place where I was, the motive of my coming, the reader himself. I knew the poem almost by heart, yet I seemed never to have heard it before. I was by the side of the doomed mariner. I was the wedding guest, listening to his story, held by his glittering eye. I was with him in the storm, among the ice, beneath the hot and copper sky. Booth became so absorbed in his reading, so identified with the poem, that his tone and manner were saturated with a feeling of reality. He actually thought himself the mariner—so I am persuaded—while he was reading. As the poem proceeded, and we plunged deeper and deeper into its mystic horrors, the actual world receded into a dim, indefinable distance. The magnetism of this marvellous interpreter had caught up himself and me with him, into Dreamland, from which we gently descended at the end of Part VI., and "the spell was snapt."

"And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land,"—

returned from a voyage into the inane. Again I found myself sitting in the little hotel parlor, by the side of a man with glittering eye, with a third somebody on the other side of the table.

I drew a long breath.

Booth turned over the leaves of the volume. It contained the collected works of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats.

"Did you ever read," said he, "Shelley's argument against the use of animal food, at the end of 'Queen Mab'?"

"Yes, I have read it."

"And what do you think of the argument?"

"Ingenious, but not satisfactory."

"To me it *is* satisfactory. I have long been convinced that it is wrong to take the life of an animal for our pleasure. I eat no animal food. There is my supper,"—pointing to the plate of bread. "And, indeed," continued he, "I think the Bible favors this view. Have you a Bible with you?"

I had not furnished myself with a Bible.

Booth rang the bell, and, when the boy presented himself, called for one. Garçon

disappeared, and came back soon with a Bible on a tray.

Our tragedian took the book, and proceeded to argue his point by means of texts selected skilfully here and there from Genesis to Revelation. He referred to the fact that it was not till after the Deluge men were allowed, "for the hardness of their hearts," as he maintained, to eat meat. But in the beginning it was not so: only herbs were given to man, at first, for food. He quoted the Psalmist (Psalm civ. 14) to show that man's food came from the earth and was the green herb, and contended that the reason why Daniel and his friends were fairer and fatter than the children who ate their portion of meat was that they ate only pulse (Daniel i. 12–15). These are all of his Scriptural arguments which I now recall, but I thought them rather ingenious at the time.

The argument took some time. Then he recited one or two pieces bearing on the same subject, closing with Byron's lines to his Newfoundland dog.

"In connection with that poem," he continued, "a singular event once happened to me. I was acting in Petersburg, Virginia. My theatrical engagement was just concluded, and I dined with a party of friends one afternoon before going away. We sat, after dinner, singing songs, reciting poetry, and relating anecdotes. At last I recited those lines of Byron on his dog. I was sitting by the fireplace, my feet resting against the jamb, and a single candle was burning on the mantel. It had become dark. Just as I came to the end of the poem,—

"'To mark a friend's remains these stones arise,
I never knew but one, and here he lies,'—

my foot slipped down the jamb, and struck a *dog*, who was lying beneath. The dog sprang up, howled, and ran out of the room, and at the same moment the candle went out. I asked whose dog it was. No one knew. No one had seen the dog till that moment. Perhaps you may smile at me, sir, and think me superstitious; but I could not but think that the animal was brought there by some *occult sympathy*."

Having uttered these oracular words in a very solemn tone, Booth rose, and, taking one of the candles, said to me, "Would you like to look at the remains?"

I assented. Asking our silent friend to excuse us, he led me into an adjoining chamber. I looked toward a bed in the corner of the room, but saw nothing there. Booth went to another corner of the room, where, spread out upon a large sheet, I beheld, to my surprise, *about a bushel of wild pigeons!*

Booth knelt down by the side of the birds, and with evidence of sincere affliction began to mourn over them. He took them up in his hands tenderly, and pressed them to his heart. For a few moments he seemed to forget my presence. For this I was glad, for it gave me a little time to recover from my astonishment and to consider rapidly what it might mean. As I look back now and think of the oddity of the situation, I rather wonder at my own self-possession. It was a sufficiently trying position. At first I thought it was a hoax, an intentional piece of practical fun, of which I was to be the object. But, even in the moment allowed me to think, I decided that this could not be. For I recalled the long and elaborate Bible argument against taking the life of animals, which could hardly have been got up for the occasion. I considered, also, that as a joke it would be too poor in itself and too unworthy a man like Booth. So I decided that it was a sincere conviction,—an idea, exaggerated, perhaps, to the borders of monomania, of the sacredness of all life,—and I determined to treat the conviction with respect, as all sincere and religious convictions deserve to be treated.

I also saw the motive for this particular course of action. During the week immense quantities of wild pigeons (Passenger Pigeon, *Columba migratoria*) had been flying over the city, on their way to and from a *roost* in the neighborhood. These birds had been slaughtered by myriads, and were for sale by the bushel at the corners of every street in the city. Although all the birds which could be killed by man made the smallest impression on the vast multitude contained in one of these flocks,—computed by Wilson to consist sometimes of more than twenty-two hundred millions,—yet to Booth the destruction seemed wasteful, wanton, and, from his point of view, was a wilful and barbarous murder.

I could not but feel a certain sympathy with his humanity. It was an error in a good direction. If an insanity, it was better than the cold, heartless sanity of most men. By the time, therefore, that Booth was ready to speak, I was prepared to answer.

"You see," said he, "these innocent victims of man's barbarity. I wish to testify, in some public way, against this wanton destruction of life. And I wish you to help me. Will you?"

"Hardly," I replied. "I expected something very different from this when I re-

ceived your note. I did not come to see you, expecting to be called to assist at the funeral solemnities of birds."

"Nor did I send for you," he answered. "I merely wrote to ask about the lot in the grave-yard. But, now you are here, why not help me? Do you fear the laugh of man?"

"No," I returned. "If I agreed with you in regard to this subject, I might, perhaps, have the courage to act out my convictions. But I do not look at it as you do. There is no reason, then, why I should have anything to do with it. I respect your convictions, but do not share them."

"That is fair," he said. "I cannot ask anything more. I am obliged to you for coming to see me. My intention was to purchase a place in the burial-ground and have them put into a coffin and carried in a hearse. I might do it without any one's knowing that it was not a human body. Would you assist me, then?"

"But if no one *knew* it," I said, "how would it be a public testimony against the destruction of life?"

"True, it would not. Well, I will consider what to do. Perhaps I may wish to bury them privately in some garden."

"In that case," said I, "I will find you a place in the grounds of some of my friends."

He thanked me, and I took my leave, exceedingly astonished by the incident, but also interested in the earnestness of conviction of the man.

I heard, in a day or two, that he actually purchased a lot in the cemetery, two or three miles below the city, had a coffin made, hired a hearse and carriage, and had gone through all the solemnity of a regular funeral. For several days he continued to visit the grave of his little friends, and mourned over them with a grief which did not seem at all theatrical.

Meantime he acted every night at the theatre, and my friends told me that his acting was of unsurpassed excellence. A vein of insanity began, however, to mingle in his conduct. His fellow-actors were afraid of him. He looked terribly in earnest on the stage; and, when he went behind the scenes, he spoke to no one, but sat still, looking sternly at the ground. During the day he walked about town, giving apples to the horses and talking with the drivers, urging them to treat their animals with kindness.

An incident happened, one day, which illustrated still further his sympathy with the humbler races of animals. One of the sudden freshets which come to the Ohio, caused commonly by heavy rains melting the snow in the valleys of its tributary streams, had raised the river to an unusual height. The yellow torrent rushed along its channel, bearing on its surface logs, boards, and the débris of fences, shanties, and lumber-yards. A steamboat, forced by the rapid current against the stone landing, had been stove, and lay a wreck on the bottom, with the water rising rapidly around it. A horse had been left fastened on the boat, and it looked as if he would be drowned. Booth was on the landing, and he took from his pocket twenty dollars, and offered it to any one who would get to the boat and cut the halter, so that the horse might swim ashore. Some one was found to do it, and the horse's life was saved.

So this golden thread of human sympathy with all creatures whom God had made ran through darkening moods of his genius. He had well laid to heart the fine moral of his favorite poem, that

> "He prayeth well, who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast.
>
> "He prayeth best, who loveth best,
> All things, both great and small;
> For the dear God, who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

In a week or less the tendency to derangement in Booth became more developed. One night, when he was to act, he did not appear, nor was he found at his lodgings. He did not come home that night. Next morning he was found in the woods, several miles from the city, wandering through the snow. He was taken care of. His derangement proved to be temporary, and his reason returned in a few days. He soon left the city; but before he went away he sent me the following note, which I copy from the original faded paper now lying before me:—

LOUISVILLE THEATRE, Jan. 13, 1834.

My dear Sir,—Allow me to return you my grateful acknowledgments for your prompt and benevolent attention to my request last Wednesday night. Although I am convinced *your* ideas and *mine* thoroughly coincide as to the real cause of Man's bitter degradation, yet I fear human means to redeem him are now fruitless. The fire must burn, and Prometheus endure his agony. The Pestilence of Asia must come again, ere the savage will be taught humanity. May *you* escape! God bless you, sir!

J. B. BOOTH.

Though this was an odd adventure for a young minister, less than six months in his profession, it left in my mind a very pleasant

impression of this great tragedian. It may be asked why he came to me, the youngest clergyman in the place. He himself gave me the reason. I was a Unitarian. He said he had more sympathy with me on that account, as he was of Jewish descent and a Monotheist.—"*Memorial and Biographical Sketches,*" *by James Freeman Clarke.*

THE LAST WILD PIGEON.

One lone passenger pigeon, the last survivor of the species, so far as is known, lives at the zoölogical garden in Cincinnati. She is eighteen years old. With her death will end the last chapter of a tale of human greed and desire to kill which has no parallel and which is almost incredible.

Less than fifty years ago the number of passenger, or wild, pigeons was estimated in billions. All Eastern North America abounded in these beautiful and harmless birds. The flocks were so large that, when in flight, they extended as far as the eye could reach in every direction. So great was their number that it took several hours for a flock to fly past a given point. The bird hosts were often of such density as to obscure the sun.

The shot-gun and other common implements that have made havoc in bird life were not murderous enough in this pitiless butchery. Nets and decoys, poles, clubs, and pots of sulphur beneath the roosting-places hastened the extermination. The carcasses were left to decay upon the ground or to be food for hogs.

There are few, if any, more lamentable instances of man's destroying power and utter disregard of life in the animal or bird world than this. But there is one compensation. The extermination of the wild pigeon has served to arouse many to the grave necessity of protecting and restoring other birds before it is too late. The gulls, terns, grebes, egrets, ducks, must be saved from the fate of the wild pigeon.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF A LIFE.

Every life has its peculiar atmosphere. There is about every personality a sort of penumbra of mysterious influences. Every one casts a shadow of some kind. We read in the book of Acts that people brought their sick and their lame and placed them where Peter's shadow might fall upon them, so life-giving and blessed was Peter's atmosphere.

The poet Wordsworth has spoken of

> "That best portion of a good man's life,
> His little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love."

So my mother's recollection dwells in my mind as a warm, soft, sunlit atmosphere in which my whole soul expanded. She always seems to me infinitely more than anything I have ever read or heard about her. I say "seems," for I can never say or think of my mother that she "was." No, she is and ever will be my mother. I have never known or experienced anything so real as her love. That that reality to me, the most real of realities, should have passed away is to me simply unthinkable and unrealizable. I can think of all things else in this universe being blotted out, but not my mother. She is to me ultimate reality. She taught me about Christ and showed me Christ. I can never think of her without thinking of Christ, nor can I think of Christ without thinking of my mother. I cannot think I should ever see my mother again and not see Christ nor see Christ and not at the same time see my mother. The two are so blended and interfused in my mind.

I was not yet two years old when my mother finished writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and am therefore unable to contribute anything of value to the history of that interesting event. I have been often assured, however, that I nearly wrecked the whole enterprise by crying nights, and being so very perverse a baby that I kept my poor little mother awake so that she was in poor condition to write on the following day. For all this I am now very sorry!

My earliest recollections are of a frail little woman with a wonderfully sweet smile, who seemed to be always writing at a table heaped with books and papers. I was still regarded as the arch-enemy of all her literary aspirations, and consequently the way to her was jealously kept by watchful maids; but, in spite of them, I often ran the lines and was rewarded by a hug and a kiss before being borne back to the nursery by her indignant and exclamatory guardians. I can remember how I longed for and adored my mother. Nothing is more sacred to me than the bright vision of my mother then so gently and yet so abidingly woven into the very texture of my soul. There lingers ever about it a sweet and gracious atmosphere interfused with unspeakable tenderness and love.

One of the deepest and most abiding im-

pressions of my mother was her love of fun. She always had a merry twinkle in her eye when she looked at me, and, when I laughed, —as I always did,—she would point her finger at me, and I would be dissolved in giggles. When I cried, she made funny faces at me and made me laugh. When I was irritable and cross, as I often was, she would mimic me, and set me in such a light before myself that I had to laugh and be good-natured.

This love of fun played a most important part in her life-work. She was once aptly described by a newspaper correspondent as "slight in stature, decidedly blonde, and with the merriest imaginable twinkle in her eye, betokening an inward reservoir of fun sufficient to explode any funeral assembly with laughter."

In writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she availed herself of this love of humor. When once she had formed the purpose of writing something to show what the institution of slavery really was, it occurred to her that the presentation of slavery in its most dreadful forms would be a picture of such unrelieved horror and darkness as no one could be induced to look at. So "of set purpose" she sought to light up the darkness by many humorous and grotesque episodes and the presentation of the milder and more amusing phases of the institution for which the recollection of the never-failing wit and drollery of her colored friends in Ohio gave her abundant material.

The same is true of her treatment of New England life and character in her "Minister's Wooing" and "Old Town Folks." She felt and said that the background of the life of old New England was an unutterable and unuttered sadness. Consequently she lit up the repellant gloom by such cheerful devices as the "Sam Lawson" stories and old Candace's exhilarating pragmatism. "Seein' as we's got ter live in this er world, the Lord must hev fixed it so we kin, an' ef things was as some folks says, there wouldn't be no living no way."

She puts in the mouth of Sam Lawson the following description of the Old New England Calvinism, "It seems like as if we was all down at the bottom of a deep well with the sides all glare ice and told that, if we didn't git out, we'd perish!"

In her correspondence this mirthfulness was ever overflowing, as, for example, when she pictures herself in a letter to Mrs. Follen as "a little bit of a woman about as thin and dry as a pinch of snuff: never very much to look at in my best days and looking like a used-up article now." Or, again, when she says of her marriage: "I was married when I was twenty-five years old to a man rich in Greek and Hebrew and Latin and Arabic, and, alas, rich in nothing else! Soon we were abundantly enriched with wealth of other sort! Two curly-headed little twin daughters to begin with, and my stock in that line has been increased till I have been the mother of seven children." Then, with a sudden transition from the lightest vein of humor to the deepest wail of pathos and sorrow, she adds: "The most beautiful and best-beloved of whom lies buried near my Cincinnati residence. It was at his dying bed and by his grave that I learned what a poor slave mother may feel when her child is torn away from her." For, after all, the humor of Mrs. Stowe's life was but the ripple and play of sunlit waves on the surface of a river whose depths were love and sorrow and suffering.

This leads me to speak of her religion. It was without creed or dogma or ritual. She often said that it found its highest expression in that beautiful hymn of Oliver Wendell Holmes,—

"O Love Divine that stooped to share
Our sharpest grief, our bitt'rest tear!"

She wrote to him of the comfort she had in his hymn, and he in return sent her a copy written in his own faultless hand, which she had framed and hung over her bed where she could see it before she slept at night and when she waked in the morning.

She wrote to Dr. Holmes as follows: "I think about your writings a great deal, and one element in them always attracts me. It is their pitiful and sympathetic vein, the pity for poor, struggling human nature. In this I feel that you must be very near and dear to him whose name is Love.

"You wrote some verses once that have got into the hymn-books, and have often occurred to me in my most sacred hours as descriptive of the feeling with which I bear the sorrow and carry the cares of life. They begin

"'Love Divine that stooped to share,'

"I have not all your books down here, and am haunted by gaps in the verses that memory cannot make good, but it is that 'Love Divine' that is my comfort and my stay and my hope, as one friend after another passes beyond sight and hearing. Please let me have it in your own handwriting."

In that moment which, to a merely worldly point of view, would seem to have been the triumphant one of her life,—I refer to the period immediately after the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"—she wrote to her

husband: "It is not money or fame or praise that satisfies me. I never seem to have longed for love as I do now! I long to be with you, and hear you tell me how much you love me!"

Again she writes, speaking of all the good things that have come to them: "I am almost afraid to accept it, and should not, did I not see the Hand that gives it all, and know that it is both firm and true. He knows if it is best for us, and his blessing addeth no sorrow therewith. I cannot describe to you the undercurrent of love, joy, and peace ever flowing through my soul. I am so happy—so blessed!"

It was at this time and out of this experience that she wrote that hymn by which she is so widely known and gratefully remembered—

"Still, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh the shadows flee.
Fairer than morning, and lovelier than the daylight
Wakes the calm consciousness I am with thee."

—*Charles Edward Stowe.*

A GOOD REFERENCE.

John was fifteen, and very anxious to get a desirable place in the office of a well-known lawyer who had advertised for a boy, but doubted his success, because, being a stranger in the city, he had no reference to present.

"I'm afraid I'll stand a poor chance," he thought, despondently. "However, I'll try to appear as well as I can, for that may help me a little."

So he was careful to have his dress and person neat, and, when he took his turn to be interviewed, went in with his hat in his hand and a smile on his face.

The keen-eyed lawyer glanced him over from head to foot.

"Good face," he thought, "and pleasant ways."

Then he noted the neat suit,—but other boys had appeared in new clothes,—saw the well-brushed hair and clean-looking skin. Very well, but there had been others there quite as cleanly: another glance, however, showed the finger-nails free from soil.

"Ah! that looks like thoroughness," thought the lawyer.

Then he asked a few direct, rapid questions, which John answered as directly.

"Prompt," was his mental comment: "can speak up when necessary. Let's see your writing," he added aloud.

John took a pen and wrote his name.

"Very well, easy to read, and no flourishes. Now *what references have you?*"

The dreaded question at last!

John's face fell. He had begun to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it again.

"I haven't any," he said slowly: "I'm almost a stranger in the city."

"*Can't take a boy without references,*" was the brusque rejoinder, and, as he spoke, a sudden thought sent a flush to John's cheek.

"I haven't any references," he said, with hesitation, "but here's a letter from mother I just received. I wish you would read it."

The lawyer took it. It was a short letter:

"*My dear John,*—I want to remind you that wherever you find work you must consider that work your own. Don't go into it, as some boys do, with the feeling that you will do as little as you can and get something better soon, but make up your mind you will do as much as possible, and make yourself so necessary to your employer that he will never let you go.

"You have been a good son to me, and I can truly say I have never known you to shirk. Be as good in business, and I am sure God will bless your efforts."

"H'm!" said the lawyer, reading it over the second time. "That's pretty good advice, John—excellent advice. I rather think I'll try you, even without the references."

John has been with him six years, and last spring was admitted to the bar.

"Do you intend taking that young man into partnership?" asked a friend, lately.

"Yes, I do. I couldn't get along without John: he is my right-hand man!" exclaimed the employer, heartily.

And John always says the best reference he ever had was *a mother's good advice and honest praise.*—*Sacred Heart Review.*

The Chicago *Tribune* publishes every day a picture by that clever cartoonist, McCutcheon. Sometimes he makes people laugh, sometimes he preaches them a sermon, and sometimes he does both at once. My sister Margaret usually laughs over these pictures. Afterwards, when they happen to deal with political matters, she asks me what they mean. But the other morning she did not laugh. Instead, she grew very angry and exclaimed: "Does he pretend we are as bad as the Turks? Does he mean human lives are no better than birds and animals?"

I looked at the cartoon. It represented several ladies who were reading the daily paper and exclaiming, "Oh, those cruel massacres!" Upon those ladies' hats were

dead birds, and upon their furs were the heads of many other small dead creatures.

"No, Margaret," I said, "I do not think he means exactly that. He might, however, very well mean this. Here,"—I laid my fork down impressively,—"is the Turk. Consider his birth, training, environment. Consider the racial, political, and religious complications in his country. Imagine how his angry passions are raised in one way and another, and he goes out and kills people, or orders them to be killed by somebody else who is obliged to obey him. Then here"—laying my knife on the other side—"are you American women, of Puritan ancestry, of a Christian nation, educated, cultured, refined. You are not killing your enemies: you are letting harmless, innocent little animals be killed. Why? Not even because they make you more beautiful: simply because other people do it and you follow weakly on. It seems so uselessly cruel, doesn't it?"

"Compare the two," I went on, laying my knife and fork side by side. "Somebody says 'If you take temptation' (and all the rest of it) 'into account, who shall say that he is better than his neighbor?' Anyhow, don't you think the beam in your own eye is big enough to need plucking out?"

Margaret has not mentioned the Turks since. I am wondering what her new hat will be like.—*Amy Lisle, in Our Dumb Animals.*

JUST FOR A HAT.

Think what a price to pay,
Faces so bright and gay,
Just for a hat!
Flowers unvisited, mornings unsung,
Sea-ranges bare of the wings that o'erswung,—
Bared just for that!

Caught 'mid some mother work,
Torn by the hunter Turk,
Just for your hat!
Plenty of mother-heart yet in the world;
All the more wings to tear, carefully twirled;
Women want that?

Oh for the shame of it!
Oh but the blame of it,—
Price of a hat!
Just for a jauntiness brightening the street!
This is your halo, O faces so sweet:
Death; and for that!

—*William C. Gannett.*

Be not ashamed to be helped; for it is thy business to do thy duty like a soldier in the assault on a town. How, then, if, being lame, thou canst not mount up on the battlements alone, but with the help of another, it is possible?—*Marcus Aurelius.*

THE SANE FOURTH OF JULY.

All over the country we are revolting against the senseless noise, the ugly war-play in which children are killed or maimed for life, or at best taught lessons of riot and destruction. And our good sense is expressing itself not only in restriction and prohibition, but in organized festival celebration. And, as we find and seek to express this true significance of the Fourth of July as the day for our Declaration of Common Interest in America, the day of neighborliness, the day of birth or rebirth of civic spirit, we shall find it not an irritating problem, but the most useful day in all the year.—*Edward J. Ward, in the Survey.*

THE FIRST VISIT IN A STRANGE HOUSE.

I am invited to make a visit at the country house of the friend of a friend, and should be grateful for a few hints about correct behavior.

. . . . . .

Send your acceptance or regret very promptly. If you accept, be sure to arrive when expected. Adapt your requirements for service to the limitations of the establishment. Keep your room in perfect order, using its furnishings carefully. Be punctual at meals. Welcome anything proposed for your pleasure, and enter into it with spirit and interest. Contribute what you can to the pleasure of the others. Don't be persuaded to prolong your stay beyond the time named in your invitation. Upon your departure remember each servant who has rendered you service with a small gift of money. Write immediately upon your return home to thank your hosts for their kind hospitality. Hold yourself in honor bound never to repeat anything that may reflect upon them or their household.—*Selected.*

All are needed by each one:
Nothing is fair or good alone.

Around the man who seeks a noble end,
Not angels, but divinities, attend.

Live for friendship, live for love,
For truth's and harmony's behoof.

He who feeds men serveth few,
He serves all who dares be true.

—*Emerson.*

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

CELEBRATING THE FOURTH.

In each sentence is concealed one familiar object associated with an old-fashioned Fourth of July.

1. This instrument or pedometer is used to indicate the number of steps taken in walking.

2. That he is an American no native son will deny.

3. Down near the coral reef lagoons communicate with the sea.

4. Securely lashed to a floating spar a destitute sailor was found.

5. The Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth Rock eternally worshipped God without fear of man.

6. At the Agricultural Club ombrometers were used to measure the quantity of rainfall.

7. When she withdrew from the Club, Ann erased her name from the list of members.

8. The teacher was reading odd essays to the class.

9. He was in the mob, and was arrested, much against his will.

10. The Mayor ordered rumsellers to close their doors on election day.

—*American Boy.*

II.

CHANGED INITIALS.

Example: Change an obstruction to a contest between nations: Answer. B-AR; W-AR.

1. Change to awaken to a public building.
2. Change a Latin pronoun to in time past.
3. Change a fabric of fine thread to a contest in running.
4. Change anxiety to unusual.
5. Change metal in its mineral state to anger.
6. Change a ruminant forest quadruped to a prophet.
7. Change to pronounce to a water animal.
8. Change a mound to a little width.

When the changes have been rightly made and the words written one below another, the initial letters will spell the surname of a President born in August.

III.

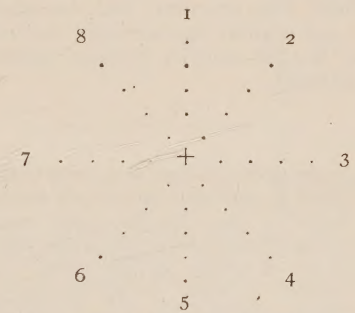
FAMOUS MEN FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

1. –O–E– W–L–O––.
2. C–A–L–– S–M–E–.
3. H–R–C– G–A–.
4. –O–N A A–D––W.
5. G–O–G– F–I–B–– H––R.

IV.

A WHEEL.

The central letter of this wheel is the first letter of each of the eight words composing it.



1. A genus of prickly tropical plants.
2. A great gun.
3. One of the independent states of Switzerland.
4. General course of conduct.
5. A small wheel.
6. A deep hollow in the earth.
7. The South American alligator.
8. A species of jellyfish.

Answers to puzzles in the June number.

I. JUNE SHAKESPEARE. 1. Hermione. 2. Egeus. 3. Nym. 4. Rosse. 5. Yorick. 6. Edgar. 7. Iachimo. 8. Gratiano. 9. Helena. 10. Touchstone. 11. Horatio.—Henry Eighth.

II. SOBRIQUETS. 1. Duke of Wellington. 2. Stephen A. Douglas. 3. Napoleon Bonaparte. 4. Abraham Lincoln. 5. Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick.

III. PECULIAR ARITHMETIC. Cleveland.

IV. FLOWER PUZZLE. 1. Ladies' Tresses. 2. Four-o'clock. 3. American Beauty. 4. Balsam. 5. Bluebell.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

There will be no meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange in June: notice will be given of the first meeting in the autumn.

The chairman is at the Alliance headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, every Monday and Thursday from 10 to 12 o'clock.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Irene C. Rees, 51 Orchard Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The Home Study Work of the Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to help those who wish to improve their education. Lessons will be given in all subjects which can be taught by correspondence, such as Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Algebra, all branches of English, History, Botany, Geography, Languages, Drawing, etc.

Requests for these lessons should be sent to Mrs. Annie F. Hudson, 2 Maple Place, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Please make checks payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Chairman, Miss Helen L. Bayley, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.